



THE FARMER AS A SPORT—HOW HE LAYS HIS WAGES

(Written Specially for the Bulletin.)

I think I've talked a little, once or twice, about the gambler there is in farming.

A Kansas editor, who must have been trying a little farming on his own hook, now comes to my defense and adds his testimony to the truth of what I've said about it. He declares that "when it comes to the question of real sport the farmer has them all bested. He is the one genuine sport in the national life. And then he goes on to tell why this is so."

To begin with, every spring he bets his seed and his fertilizer and his summer wages that there'll be rain enough in May and June and sunshine at harvest time.

When he plants he does it on a wager with Nature that there won't be any late frost or early drought to kill the crop.

When he cuts his hay, he bets that he can get it in safely before the rains spoil it.

He bets a few pigs—and takes a chance that he can fatten them and sell them before the hog cholera comes down the lane from next county and stops over night. He bets a few pump steers—and takes the chance that the market won't slump its bottom out the day he unloads them at the stock yard.

He plants a field of potatoes; and bets that the blight won't ruin them. He sets out a cabbage patch; and bets that the club-foot and the green worms won't destroy it.

He plants some corn; and bets that the cut-worms won't bite it off nor the crows pull it up.

He sets out some fruit trees; and bets that neither the canker-worm nor the codling moth nor the tent caterpillar will chew the life out of his saplings.

He starts out every season, betting that it will rain just the right time and not at the wrong time—knowing that it's all a chance and it may do exactly the opposite.

He bets that it will rain enough and not too much—knowing that such a miracle hasn't happened yet in the recorded history of agriculture.

He finds a new moth in his orchard one day; a new moth in his morning paper to read that a new microbe is on its way to attack his cattle.

And so forth, etc.

"And"—I quote again, "the farmer bets them all he can beat them in the game. That is the fascination of the farm. Every hour there is a new problem to solve; every day a new situation to face; every week a new dollar at stake every time. That's the answer to the question why the farmer doesn't quit the farm. It is because it is too well worth while that is, for the men who have the right stuff in them."

I pray you to ponder a moment on that last clause. "For the men who have the right stuff in them."

Just at present, there's a vast deal of talk about "feminism." We won't say anything against it. We won't attempt to controvert a single assertion of its advocates, nor permit a single sneer at their pretensions.

But it isn't wise or politic, even under such circumstances, to lose sight of the fact that God also made the masculine sex; and that there is quite as much need for real virility in the world as for real feminism. Meekly accepting every last utterance of the feminist ultimatum, there still remains a purely masculine syllabus which simply cannot be ignored.

While it is true, for example, that the soft touches and serene grace which really make the difference between a home and a barracks are purely feminine qualities, they must be forgotten that somebody had to dig out the cellar and lay up the heavy foundation walls before there could be a parlor to furnish and decorate. And digging dirt, blasting ragged rocks, piling heavy stones into a wall are tasks which demand something besides softness and grace. They call for masculine strength; for a certain stubbornness and doggedness in the meeting of exigent and repulsive tasks; for even a degree of bull-headedness which meets the "Thou-shalt-nots" of natural conditions with a savage and arrogant "I will!"

There is a place for masculinity in the world, and a need of it. Don't let's ignore that fact.

Two characteristics of masculinity are that it likes to gamble and that

he, and pays up his entire tomato-pepper capital if he loses.

That Kansas editor is dead right; the farmer is the one genuine sportsman in the world's life. And, if he's a real man, with the virtues as well as the vices of a brimming virility, the husband as well as the follies of an unemasculinity, he enjoys both the fighting and the gambling.

To those who don't think fighting and gambling are the same thing, I would suggest that there are lots and lots of other things in this world which are neither dice nor pretty. A sweet, tender lamb chop on the breakfast table is "nice," even dainty Algonquin will admit. But doesn't he know that it could be cut up into chops? And doesn't he know that the work of butchering lambs is a bloody, repulsive, beyond description? Yet that job has to be done. If all the world limited its activities solely to those tasks which a refined super-civilization deems "nice," we should all die of inanition before next spring Thaw's out.

I'm not lauding nor even defending the loved battle of gambling and more than I am thunder-storms and earthquakes and volcanoes. I'm simply suggesting that all those sorts of things are in the universe and the Ruler of the universe knows His business, are where they ought to be and doing what they ought to do. They don't any of them need defense.

Anyway, we can't control any one of them. We can't dodge a thunder-storm nor turn the damper on volcanoes nor add one cubit to our own stature.

Incidentally, we can't help fighting and gambling if we are going to farm it. If one doesn't like either or both, he'd better stay off the farm, and thank a dispensing Providence, every thing that's in the universe and that there are other men with a different kind of stuff in them.

THE FARMER.

BETWEEN TEUTON AND SLAV

Statement of Underlying Causes of the Racial Antagonism Back of the Present War in Europe.

The suddenness and the immensity of the struggle in which six first-class powers and many lesser ones are involved, have made mankind, the wisest of men can give no conclusive reason for this gigantic upheaval, this tremendous reversion to barbarism. It is clear that the cause is not a national ambition, to political jealousy, to economic rivalry, to overpopulation, to the prehistoric instincts of tribal hatred. All of these causes are apparent to some degree; but there are few impartial observers who will select any one of them as the chief cause.

Among some of the chief contestants, however—those whose acts began the war that they say was inevitable—there is no doubt, no uncertainty. They declare, in the final battle for supremacy between two great races, foreshadowed from times long past and precipitated by inexorable laws of blood.

No sooner had Austria set her foot upon Serbia than the whisper ran, "Does it begin to turn Russian?" Her very bulk to come to the aid of her Serbian kin and Germany stiffened to defiance became a shout, "This is the great war, the Teuton against the Slav!" With one accord a large school of students and philosophers, historians and statesmen, proclaimed that the appointed hour had struck, and that this mighty conflict was to determine which of the two races should survive.

Spokenmen for Germany in America are unanimous in this view. The president of the German-American Chamber of Commerce, New York, declared: "The only power able to checkmate Russia is Germany, and therefore Germany is fighting the battle of civilization for her own sake." "Strike down to German military power and German prestige, and nothing but the czar remains in Europe."

Professor Francke, of Harvard, declares that if Germany loses, "her people will be taken over by Russia, which with her teeming millions and her abundant resources, will become the arbiter of Europe."

Ernst Richard, president of the German-American Peace Society, "for England to fight against Germany and Russia is to fight against the real cause of the war is: Shall Europe be ruled by Asiatics or by Europeans, by Slavs or by Teutons?"

Dr. Hugo Munsterberg, of Harvard, a personal friend of the kaiser, writes: "All German good will for peace was doomed because the issue between the crushing Slavic and the German world had grown to an overpowering force. The struggle between the two civilizations was imminent."

In his manifesto to the world the czar proclaimed: "Russia, related by faith and blood to the Slav peoples, and faithful to the historic traditions, has never regarded the German as a foreigner. The fraternal sentiments of the Russian people for the Slavs have been awakened by the perfect unanimity and extraordinary force."

The German emperor took up the issue when he charged the strife to Russia's "unsustainable nationalism," and exhorted his subjects to "remember, above all, that you are Germans."

That a deep, irreconcilable hostility between the two races exists therefore, there can be no doubt, says the Philadelphia North American.

When Teutonic civilization was already far developed, vast territory of the east of Germany, now under Russian sway, was a savage country. Regarding this as provided by nature for their expansion, the Germans in the Middle Ages overran it by means of war and emigration, and established their own advanced system.

Recognizing the more enlightened rulers of Russia encouraged German influence, and until recent years the German element in Russia was free from foreign tutelage; and although German immigration continued until within forty years—the extent of it is illustrated by the fact that there are forty-six German newspapers in the empire—the Russification of the Baltic provinces proceeded inexorably.

From the accession of Alexander III, in 1881, the process has been carried out with unrelenting vigor. Just as the religious and political liberties of the Poles have been destroyed, have German influence and institutions in the Baltic provinces been rooted up. Foreigners have been forbidden to acquire land in Western Russia; Russian instead of German has become the official language; even the names of the formerly German have been Russified.

It had been the hope of Germany that the force of racial gravitation would one day draw these lands to her; and the spectacle of her millions of emigrants being Russified by a ruthless blow to her national ambition.

But if Germany is incensed on this score, Russia is no less embittered by the results of her political dealings with her neighbor. She considers that she saved Prussia from being overwhelmed by Napoleon in 1807 and delivered her from the Czar in 1814; and it was Russian influence that retained Austria, Italy and Denmark in

1870, so that Prussia might humble France.

Alliance of 1872.

Bismarck astutely brought about an alliance between Russia, Germany and Austria in 1872, as a defensive move against the revolutionary propaganda of French Socialism and Russian nihilism. But six years later he again shattered Russia's dependence upon German gratitude for past support.

Russia's dream of Constantinople as a seat of the czar's dominions, long encouraged by Bismarck, was all but realized in 1878, when Great Britain and Austria interposed a threat of war if the Russian armies closed in on the Turkish capital. Russia, suddenly looked for German aid in this crisis.

The Berlin Congress, where Bismarck presided, gave to Austria the Slavonic countries of Bosnia and Herzegovina—thus pushing Teutonic influence still nearer to the Golden Horn—and forced Russia to be content with a part of Roumania. She had sacrificed 200,000 soldiers to reach the Balkans, and only to be thrust back by Germany, whose co-operation she felt she had earned. And from that time Russia's hatred has been inflamed.

At the time, the clash of interests has stirred up furious anti-Slav sentiment in Germany. As long as the Russian empire has been pouring out books and pamphlets inflaming the antagonism. Of one noted work the text was, "The security of Europe depends upon the annihilation of Russia as a European great power."

Another, published in 1888 and enormously influential, declared: "Between Germany and Russia there exist, not differences of opinion on isolated questions of policy and statesmanship which can be settled in one way or the other, but deep-seated, irrefragable contrasts of race and culture which irresistibly press toward an eternal antagonism."

With increasing conviction and fervor, the German leaders have preached a race war against the Slav. The Russian, in turn, has been pouring out books and pamphlets inflaming the antagonism. Of one noted work the text was, "The security of Europe depends upon the annihilation of Russia as a European great power."

Immediate Menace.

The rapid growth of Slavic population and influence not only in the Balkan states, but in Austria-Hungary—theoretically a Teutonic country—has at last changed the attitude of Slav domination of all southeastern Europe is an immediate menace, to be overcome only by a war that will cripple Russia and Austria.

The seriousness of the danger, from the German viewpoint, is apparent. Slavs are 30,000,000. One among her 60,000,000 population have been able to present a formidable obstacle to German unity. But the dream of a great Teutonic empire or confederation stretching across the North Sea to the Aegean becomes almost fantastic when conditions in the allied kingdom are examined.

Indeed, the participation of Austria-Hungary in a war of Teuton against Slav is a self-evident absurdity. Once the Slav peoples are freed from German domination, the interests of the German population and interests, it is no longer. The dynasty, the bureaucracy and the officers of the army are all Slav. The Slav element outrumps the German, and the Slav element outrumps the German.

It was in Austria-Hungary, in fact, that the Pan-Slavic movement had its birth; and a majority of the population is linked more closely by ties of blood and religion, to Russia and the Serbs than to the so-called Austrian nation.

The population figures and their changes are profoundly significant. In 1910 Austria had 23,244,940 inhabitants, and of these, only 9,950,266 were Germans. In 1900 there were 8,485,000 Germans, Moravians and Slovaks, nearly 5,000,000 Poles, 3,000,000 Ruthenians and about 4,000,000 of other non-German races. The Slav element outnumbered the German by more than 50 per cent.

In Hungary, of course, these conditions are emphasized. Out of a population in 1910 of 21,000,000, a little more than 2,000,000 were Germans, a decrease of 100,000 since 1900. In the whole empire, including Bosnia and Herzegovina, hardly more than one-fifth of the population was German.

But the vital fact is that not only have German immigration and colonization failed to create German domination, in spite of the very high German birth rate but they have been unable to withstand the vigorous race qualities of the alien peoples with whom they have come into contact.

Bohemia, once Germanized by force, has a Slav population of 62 per cent. In Prague, its capital, 16 per cent of the people were Germans in 1900 and only 10 per cent in 1910. The German university, purely German until 1882, is now a Czech institution.

The Czech spirit of nationality is so intense that the people refuse to learn German, and disdain to speak it if they do know it. Moreover, the German element is slowly but surely being driven to the Slav provinces, where 87 per cent of the population are Germans, only 13 per cent of the school children speak that tongue, indicating that one-tenth of the next generation of Germans will have become Czechs.

In Moravia identical conditions prevail—a great Slav majority and a marked recession of German population, language and feeling. In Austrian Silesia the German element still leads, but is losing ground to Czechs and Poles. In Galicia 200,000 Germans are lost among 4,000,000 Poles and 1,000,000 Ruthenians.

Since 1880 the German population of Hungary has become almost stationary.

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nor a union of nations, but an ill-assorted assemblage of peoples alien one to the other in language, religion, and ideals. It is a geographical expression, little more.

Two great facts, then, stand out in regard to the Teutonic-Slavic struggle for supremacy: The Germanization of southeastern Europe has failed, and its Russianification proceeds apace. The goal of both races being the same, the collision was inevitable.

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